a ficlet written for **jabber_moose**!

because she is evil and posted this https://i.imgur.com/StgQN.jpg

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Dean yawned and came out of the shower and into Bobby's kitchen to find Sam hiding behind his chair.

"What?" He asked. Because. What?

"Dean," Sam said, very seriously, "I need you to go to my breakfast and dispose of it. Burn it. Something. Make it stop looking at me."

"What?" Dean asked again, ready to wake up enough to begin teasing.

But by then he had walked far enough into the kitchen to see Sam's breakfast.

It was LOOKING at him

And, oh god, the eyes moved together as one to look from him and then back to the chair Sam was behind.

Dean backpedaled out of the kitchen as fast as he could, then yelled "CAS!"

Cas appeared at his elbow. "Yes, Dean?"

"Sam's breakfast. In there. Burn it." Dean said. "I don't think I can go back in there."

Castiel nodded solemnly, didn't ask, and headed in.

A minute later he came back to Dean.

"Dean," He said. "Dean."

"What? Is it gone?"

"It was looking at me, Dean. I could not destroy it."

Dean thunked his head against the wall. "Where'd it come from?"

"I suspect Gabriel."

"GABRIEL!"

"Heya, Dean-o!" Gabriel appeared at Dean's elbow.

"Get. rid. of. it."

Gabriel pouted. "But I made it special for Sammy!"

"Get rid of it, or I will end you." Dean said. "Sam's traumatized. Cas' traumatized. Even I'm traumatized."

Gabriel frowned at him, then snapped his fingers. "Happy now?"

Dean cautiously went back in. Dean ran out, followed by Sam.

"I hate you." Sam told Gabriel. "And you." He told Dean.

Dean would not recover. Even Bobby's toaster had eyes. Dean would never, ever ever recover.

Gabriel beamed.